THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair, with stationary temperature.

Resubmission seems to be fading into the dim distance. We are on Consolidation's threshold.

Congress will put a rod in pickle for itself if it shelves the Nicaragua Canal question until next Winter.

The discussion of the Venezuela question by Dunraven, with disobliging references to America, is just a little too much.

And now they talk of blotting out Kings and Queens counties, and making one county of all "Greater New York."

Thousands of families in New York and Brooklyn went without their milk yesterday morning. Too much water was the trouble.

Teddy thinks the police should have the right of entry into all saloons Sundays as well as other days. That certainly would simplify matters.

Cathode photography applied to surgery is a great success. Locating a lost bullet in a man's leg at Montreal is the latest achievement.

The psychological moment has been reached in the Kentucky Legislature. Let us hope that the members will use nothing worse than pocket-pistols.

Kaiser Wilhelm very adroitly saddles upon his Ministers the responsibility of the cable message to the Boer President. That is what Ministers are for.

The Croker dinner to-night will be charmed by the dulcet harmonies of the voices of Grady and Fellows. It will be a double extra gold-plated affair.

Spain is angry about the Senate resolutions, and wants to mobilize her whole navy off Cuban shores. But not too near our shores, Spain, if you please.

The aftermath of the great storm is appalling. Some communities in New Jersey were devastated by the overflow of rivers, and there were loss of life and great ruin of property. The front at Coney Island and Long Beach suffered immensely, and very important changes will be necessary next Summer. Probably the project of a sea wall on this frontage will slumber until all the land which now furnishes such delightful midsummer resorts is swept away.

A VERY HARSH CRITIC.

The aspects of civilization as they are seen from the window of the scholar will always possess a certain interest for the general public, which credits the student with careful conclusions from his views, because he has leisure to formulate them. But it happens that of late years these conclusions are nearly always pessimistic in the highest degree. Nor does the able and always interesting Charles Eliot Norton offer any exception to this singular rule. One would think that his wide knowledge of the world would have taught him a little more tolerance, as well as something more of hope, than are manifest in his article in the current number of the Forum. But in his outlook everything is blackness and general despair.

He begins by admitting that we have achieved splendid wealth, and that history affords no other such spectacle of material growth and well being; that, beginning the century as a small and weak people, we end it "one of the greatest and most powerful nations earth has ever known." But he thinks that we have attributed too largely to our own capacity, and to our institutions, blessings which are in a large measure the free gift of nature, or the consequence of the general progress of the age. This is hard, and it sounds rather un-American, because not only we ourselves, but the other nations of the earth have been willing to admit that the remarkable progress has been due to still more remarkable qualities. Even the tremendous influx of immigration does not afford Mr. Norton delight. He sadly observes that our century closes not only with a greater, but a proportionately larger part of our community in a state of ignorance, than when it began. He does not consider that the maintenance of free schools, and the constant effort to promote popular education is anything like sufficient to stem the flood of ignorance, or to give such education to the people as shall make them capable of intelligent self-government. In fact he is angry with our scheme of popular education, although he does not propose anything to replace it. He is thrilled with the importance of the question whether our civilization can maintain itself and make advances against the pressure of ignorant and barbaric multitudes; whether, in short, the barbarian may not swallow the civilized contingent, and turn all our progress into ridicule.

He next journeys lightly from education to manners. On this point he indulges in a severe sermon. Children, he thinks, are not properly trained. "The frequent and notorious self-sufficiency and impertinence of the American child betray the indifference of parents to the essential and most commonplace considerations of domestic discipline and parental responsibility." Is this so? We leave the American parent to give the answer, and while halting over the imputation that Americans in the mass, perhaps, neglect courtesy more than other peoples, we are not willing to admit that there is not to be found in this country the fine flower of gentle breeding, with the refinement which, as a great man said of French politeness, "springs from natural goodness of heart."

The newspaper, the Congress, the public men generally, come in for a large share of Mr. Norton's reprobation. In some of these criticisms he will have the public with him. But when he comes to preach a denunciatory sermon against all those who venture to have a spirit of hostility to the aggressions of England, he will find that his public has fallen away from him. For him the British fetich is sacred. "The idea of war between the two countries is one that no rational man should hold as within the range of possibilities." Very good! No one likes to think of war as a possibility, but to say of it that it would be a national crime for which there would be no excuse, is nonsense.

The irony of fate dictates that at the moment the Sultan tells the Queen of England that there are no abuses of Christians in Armenia, the revelations concerning the horrible Turkish prisons should be published.

DR. EDSON'S DISCOVERY.

The announcement in yesterday's Journal that a cure for consumption has at last been discovered, and the statement made by its discoverer, have aroused the greatest interest throughout the whole country. It is with a thrill of genuine pleasure that every patriotic American will welcome to the list of the great men who have found a way to save myriads of human lives from the once fatal ravages of disease the name of a fellow-countryman. Dr. Cyrus Edson. If half that is claimed for his discovery is true, he will stand on even ground with the discoverers of vaccination and anaesthesia and the germ origin of disease, and he will be known as as great a benefactor as the man who has almost eliminated the horrors of hydrophobia, and the careful observers who believe that they have discovered a secure remedy for diphtheria.

Think for a moment what a triumph the discovery of the treatment of diphtheria by the use of the serum has been! Tens of thousands of fair young lives are preserved every year; millions of parents are saved from mourning for their beloved ones; mothers no longer tremble at the mere mention of the dread name of the disease. And consumption—that scourge of the North! Science now seems to have conquered it, and to have given a new zest in life to tens of thousands who were literally in the valley of the shadow of death. The remedy which Dr. Edson presents, like all great things, is simple. It is the introduction into the human system of "aseptolin"—a preparation of carbolic acid which kills all the germs of the disease. The aseptolin and a new salt, called pilocarpin-phenyl-hydroxide, enter into the blood, and every heart-beat of the patient sends a disinfectant through the entire body. Dr. Edson's treatment is now in the hands of about fifty physicians in various sections of the country, and their testimony indicates that the cure is the best one yet discovered for consumption.

But four failures are registered in some two hundred cases treated. This is wonderful; but a long course of observation of cases will yet be necessary before the world will accept aseptolin as infallible. With a generosity as rare as noble, Dr. Edson makes no secret of the formula of his discovery; it is free to all. The injection under the skin of a little less than three per cent of phenol, or carbolic acid, and pilocarpin-phenyl-hydroxide to a little more than 97 per cent of distilled water is the whole thing. Care must be exercised to see that all the materials are properly prepared.

If the experience of the next few months shows that aseptolin is a success, how superb will be the triumph! It will be a far nobler one than any conqueror of men or any subjugator of races can register. The man who adds to the well being of his fellowmen is sure of their lasting recognition.

England proposes to add four more battle ships, four first class cruisers, four third class cruisers, and sixty torpedo destroyers to her navy. This is a pretty good "stump" for Russia, who declared that she would lay down ship for ship with England.

FEARS FOR THE FUTURE.

That veteran in the Consolidation cause, Andrew H. Green, does it a good service in pointing out that the Westchester County annexation was quite a different proposition from the bill for Union now before the Legislature. The Westchester County people, he remarks, go through an annexation measure of their own, which imposed certain obligations on the taxpayers of New York. Contracts and obligations which arose under that bill, and which seem to have given taxpayers a bad fright, could not arise under the new bill. That imposes no additional burdens on the taxpayers until all the details of the Consolidation have been discussed by the Greater New York Commission, and then submitted to the approval of the Legislature of 1898—year when the Union goes into effect.

It is evident that the discussion will be immense, and of long duration. The taxpayer is largely alarmed by the present vagueness of the whole scheme of government after Union. Is it to be a permanent government by commissions, which will be hard to get at with arguments, and may decide upon a general scheme of colossal improvements, which would make taxes high? Is it to be a general Council for the composite city—like the London County Council? Are property owners to have such representation that they can protect themselves against too ambitious and fantastic metropolitan schemes? Is New York to be saddled with some of the burdens of the smaller cities?

These questions are asked daily, and Mr. Green has acted wisely in setting at rest one of them. But until the plan for government after Union is foreshadowed there will be unrest.

THE SENTENCE OF GORDON.

The sentence of Louis Gordon is certainly no more than adequate to his offence. Arson is one of the most heinous crimes known to the criminal calendar. Its peculiar cowardly nature, and the supreme disregard that it shows for the lives and the property of others, have given it a place very near the capital offence of murder. Any man who commits arson is a possible murderer. Who can tell where the ravages of flames, once started in a populous district, will stop? So to give a man convicted of arson a sentence which merely implies his forced sojourn in prison for four years, seven months, and twenty-five days, if he secures the commutation for quiet behavior, seems but light punishment.

It is not in this way that the metropolis will secure immunity from the operations of the arson fiends. Among the ignorant classes, crazy for gain, from which those addicted to the practice of arson spring, there are many people who would not shrink from taking the risk of such a slender penalty. When we think of the peril in which the whole city, with its almost incalculable property interests, is placed by the presence within its boundaries of such a class, it does not seem too much to hope that more severe penalties will be enacted for arson, so that they may serve as deterrents.

Senator Allen, of Nebraska, thinks that it will be time to act in the Venezuela matter when the Commission shall have reported. Who ever proposed to take any action in advance of their decision?

ONE MORE HOLIDAY.

Next Wednesday will occur the first observance in this State, as a legal holiday, of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. The Legislature of 1895 dowered the people of New York with this addition to the red-letter days of leisure which come like benedictions upon the overworked masses. The generation which knew Abraham Lincoln has passed away, and the people of to-day know only the legend of "the patient, brave, far-seeing man," who, like William the Silent, won his place in history by nobility of character. Mr. Lowell has well called him "the first American," meaning that he was the first perfected fruit of our nationality in its definite phase.

Independent of and far above all parties and prejudices, the great, gaunt, patient Abraham towers, as the old statue of Saint Christopher towered hard by the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, a wonder and a marvel, looked up to of men, not because of its beauty, but of its rough nobility and grandeur. Lincoln is the possession of no party; he belongs to the plain people, from whom he sprang, whose homely humor suited him, whose aspirations were sacred to him. His "day" will be popular centuries after the very memory of the passions which were stirred in the Civil War has fallen into decay.

William H. English, who died at Indianapolis, yesterday, was an earnest and active member of the Democratic party in his State for more than half a century. He had a long and honorable record in Congress, where he was a conspicuous member in the times that tried men's souls. In 1880 his party tendered him the nomination for Vice-President on the ticket with General Hancock. Had he been elected he would have made an admirable President of the Senate. His history of Indiana, on which he had long been engaged, is believed to have been left nearly complete.

It looks as if Secretary Olney had been very adroit in influencing the separation by the Venezuelans of the Uruan difficulty from the disputed boundary question. At the same time the Secretary must take care that he does not admit too much. The outrage, as the English call it, grew out of the fact that the Venezuelans would not admit that English agents had any right on any part of the territory of the Republic. Now if they apologize, and pay for throwing out the intruders, England would seem to have obtained a foothold—and, to paraphrase the poet's song about love, "wherever once she hath taken hold, she flourisheth evermore." President Crespo is now the man on whom all depends. If he is obstinate, there may be disagreeable complications.

Talbert: A Sand Burr from South Carolina.

Talbert, who exhibited himself as a wind monger in yesterday's Congress, is after all no light to dazzle or to shine. He is only a tallow dip of a creature to splutter, and to gutter, and to go out in time. In his legislative efforts he reminds one mightily of a dog—yellow breed—vociferously chasing an express train. And he has about the same effect.

Talbert in figure is small, narrow, with a head peaked at the top like a quail trap. He has a yellow mustache, and his eyes, like his ideas, are set close together. He was born in Edgefield County in the suffering State of South Carolina. The county, by the way, which furnished Tillman to the Senate.

It is Tillman whom Talbert emulates, and whose blatantism he seeks to imitate. But Talbert isn't so bad as Tillman, of whom he is but a weak dilution.

This is Talbert's second Congress, and by fellow-members he is laughed at as one of the jokes of the House. He is not regarded seriously, and to bother with him has never been considered as worth while. At times he grows disagreeable, like an escape of coal gas. On such occasions the Speaker hunts out a House rule and stops the leak.

Talbert calls himself a Populist, and as such is about the worst thing that ever befell a weak and struggling party. His one sole purpose is Talbert, and as far as he can, like all men of inferior instinct and feeble range, he appeals to the prejudices of his supporters. And, possibly, he's all right; at any rate, it is his justification that appears to suit South Carolina.

In his House biography, which he writes himself, he tells of his service in the Confederacy back in the '60s. This might serve to show how strong that movement of rebellion was, when for four years it outlived such aid as Talbert's.

Further in his hand-made biography he sets forth with emphasis his church work and how his voice is uplifted in the Sabbath school. No comment will be made on this; but the thought of the Pharisee will rise to the mind. The legislative sincerity of a man may well be doubted who uses his Bible as a doorstep to political preferment, and swarms up the Cross of Calvary to Congress.

Since the days of Calhoun—whom the excellent Andrew Jackson lusted to hang—South Carolina has never sent much besides Tillmans and Talberts to Congress. This is bad for South Carolina; that State of pepper, poverty and poor politics. It has got her laughed at by other States and endowed her with the tail-hold in national affairs.

The House will take no heed of Talbert and his windy treasons. It doesn't care enough about him; he's too small to become of general House concern. The members have his measure. They know him for a willow of politics pliant to every breeze; a growth of the bogs and swamps; which, pulpy while green, punky when cut and dried, is good neither to burn nor to build with.

Back in the last Congress Crisp, as Speaker, disinclined to waste daylight on such folk as Talbert, was wont to order night sessions, put an understudy back of the nocturnal gavel and let the Talberts and the Picklers and other nuisances of legislation make their speeches then. As no business could be transacted, no votes taken, save by unanimous consent, nobody was obliged to attend, and it all served to give the Talberts and the Picklers a chance to be great without being dangerous, and at the same time keep them from under House feet when serious affairs were on the tapis.

I well recall one Talbert occasion—it was 11 o'clock in the night—when I looked into the House chamber. Absolutely, there was nobody in the body of the House save a huddle of sleepy pages and Talbert, who was talking, and some member in the chair. In the gallery two or three colored individuals sonorously, not to say redolently, dozed.

The lack of auditors didn't appear to worry Talbert, who with empty head and leathern lungs went thundering on.

At one crisis a member from one of the Virginias, in a state of half exaltation—he's not in Congress this session, by the way—came wandering in, drawn by Talbert's wild cries. It didn't occur to the visiting and exalted statesman that the House was in session. It was empty, not a member in his seat, and while he dimly saw and clearly heard the resounding Talbert, he doubtless supposed that he was merely practising—talking, as it were, at a mark.

So, with his hat on, he stood amiably behind the House rail, smiling at the lone orator.

After a bit Talbert discovered him, and, turning with the notion, apparently, of paying a compliment, he began to weave this one listener into his discourse.

"And, Mr. Speaker," he cried, with a flourish of his arm toward the one pair of listening ears; "the gentleman from West Virginia has also made the same assertion on the floor of the House, and it was uncontradicted."

At this sudden lift into "debate" a look of displeasure reddened still redder the face of the visiting statesman. Waving a vague hand at the talker, he exclaimed, in a tone of contempt:

"You're a Mugwump!"

Then the visiting statesman wandered deviously forth into the night and Talbert was left talking to himself again. He had driven away his sole House hearer.

When his speech went South, however, in the Congressional Record, it was liberally broken with such suggestions as "applause," "prolonged applause," "loud and prolonged applause," and "at this point the galleries loudly applauded."

For two lone hours Talbert, like the River Oregon, in the poem, rolled on and heard no sound save his own dashing. Then he made a motion to adjourn, the makeshift Speaker wearily put it to him, Talbert voted for it, and legislation was over for that day. A. H. L.

A Warning.

[Chicago Tribune.]

We warn the Spanish authorities in Cuba that if they attempt to edit Correspondent Murat Halstead's dispatches they will make a serious mistake.

The New Light.

[Washington Post.]

It may be that Brother Harrison has been looking into the future with the aid of the cathode ray.

A Warship for Havana.

[Public Ledger.]

At the first rumor of an uprising in Havana which might threaten the security of British residents there, a British warship was dispatched from the nearest naval station post haste to that port. American citizens in Havana who feel that they are in jeopardy are calling for an American vessel to protect them, and they should not be obliged to call in vain. If three vessels can be sent to protect the handful of Americans in Asia Minor, why not at least one for the protection of lives and interests so much nearer home?

Sarah as Magda.

Impelled to realism by the sudden mushroom-like success of Eleanora Duse, one of whose greatest achievements was to cry her nose rosy, Sarah turned on real tears last night at Abbey's Theatre, when she appeared as the unsympathetic heroine of Suderhan's four-act "Magda." Sarah has thrilled us oft and again with her tigress-like ferocity, the vast crescendo of her tantrums, and her cumulative savagery. Think if her, of you can, with little tear rivulets trickling down her make-up into salty puddles, stagnant at her chin. Picture the exuberant Sarah, dissolved in sororal tenderness saying to little German sister, "Love your husband, and when the first-born comes, hold him out in your arms, so that all the world can see him."

Sarah seemed singularly out of place in this tepidly atmosphered play, with its narrow characters, its bigoted provincialism, its empuasized pettiness, and its Suderman purpose. It was almost droll to see Sarah in a play with a purpose. For years she has been skirmishing in the thicknesses of romance, fiction and history for doughty lovers to tempt with her siren charms. Sarah never went further than her own purpose—the tempting and killing of some adamantine gentleman. And now she has taken up the playwright with a purpose, presumably for the purpose of showing that, like Duse, she can be effectively lachrymose, and—at a pinch—red-nosed. Duse's rosy nasal feature is responsible for it all.

In "Magda," Suderman's purpose stands out prominent as the obelisk. He has, in fact, several purposes, but the main one—the obelisk—seems to be to prove that a woman should be faithful to her own self, even if, by so doing, she is obliged to kill her popper. The play is, in fact, a conflict between a wilful daughter and a singularly bigoted father. Such a conflict is not exactly agreeable in a play. In a book the author can explain his reasons, and give his pros and cons at length. In a drama, to be elucidated within three hours, these explanations would be impossible, and audiences are too lazy to think for themselves. They don't go to the playhouse with that object in view. Oh, yes, they should do it, I know. But they don't, and what is more, they wont.

Magda left her restricted home after a quarrel with her father. She went on the stage shortly afterward—having been betrayed and abandoned by the rascally Privy Councillor Von Keller. The thoughts of betrayed ladies, for some occult reason, frequently turn to the stage. Suderman evidently knows this. Twelve years after, when the play begins, Magda comes home, in a yellow satin dress cut low in the back (because Sarah has a nice, sleek, glossy back) and a marvellous cloak. She appears among all the quaint relics of her childhood, in the queer old room with the blue and white stove, and the framed collection of butterflies.

American audiences who failed to understand Suderman's queer German types, redolent of sauerkraut and Frankfort sausages, when Modjeska did the play in English at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, will not understand them now. The father appears to us, in our New York 1896-ness, like a sottish ignoramus; the stepmother might have emerged from the ark, and the aunt, who is highly indignant to find that Magda wears silk chemises, strikes one as being an example of what the doctors call retarded development.

Magda meets the man who has betrayed her, and the old father insists that she shall marry him. As, however, he is a selfish brute, who refuses to recognize their child on account of Mrs. Grundy's possible comments, Magda rejects him, and informs her father that there have been other lovers than Von Keller in her life. This nauseating information, imparted by a daughter to her father, gives the old gentleman a paralytic stroke; he dies, and Magda, it is presumed, goes back to the stage. She is a lady with very advanced ideas, and a lover more or less means nothing to her. She rejoices in her theatre success, and thanks Von Keller for the many experi ences her liaison with him gave her.

"Madga" is an interesting play for "thoughtful" people. It is far superior to the drawing room fripperies that are frequently inflicted upon us, but the theme is not one that the public will like, and, as I said before, a novel could do it finer justice than a play. It seemed unreal, and Sarah herself appeared unreal. In the first act her theatricalism, even with the pellucid tears that streamed wetly through her poudre-de-riz, was perpetually apparent. In spite of this, she was at times charming, and the scene with the father was in her own inimitable vein. It was when she dallied with little sister that she was least acceptable. Sarah is out of place in an atmosphere of lukewarm domesticity, and her astonishingly elaborate costumes rendered her more inappropriate than she would have otherwise have been. I am not an authority on feminine costumes, but if Magda wore silk chemises I really can't imagine where they came in, with that gown cut at the back almost down to the waist. The small parts were well played, although a few of the people could not repress their French-ness. Mme. Patry as the comedy aunt was excellent, and M. Rudel did all he could do to make the unrelenting father a reality. M. Darmont and M. Deval were as near the picture as they could get.

"Magda," however, is not a role for Sarah. The tragedienne is not cut out for the sweetly simple, or the pathetically tearful. Nor can she successfully interpret the meaning of the "new woman." Sarah is not a disciple of advanced femininity. She belongs to the ladies with untrammelled passions. She has known that for many years. I am quite convinced that she knows it still. ALAN DALE.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Dr. W. R. Gowers, under whom Dr. Jameson studied, in the University College Hospital, writes thus of his pupil: "Jameson was characterized by a quiet manner, quick recognition of facts, and steady, hard work. Whatever he did he did well, and gained distinction in every class which he had to attend, but he never went a step out of the way to gain special honors. He was not a man to make many friends, but those he did make were close ones. As a student and officer of the hospital, no one could be more free from the least indication of self-assertion to those above him; but to his equals the strength of his own opinions, and the tenacity with which he held them, were a conspicuous feature—more conspicuous in expression than, probably, they were in fact."

The King of Belgians is seldom seen in the theatres of Brussels, caring little for theatrical performances. He objects, too, to sitting in the royal box at the various houses of amusement. The queen, on the contrary, is passionately fond of the theatre and rarely misses a first night.

Ex-Secretary William M. Evarts has completely retired from the public eye and is spending his old age very quietly in New York. His eyesight is impaired, but his mind is as vigorous as ever.

Lights and Shadows of To-morrow's Journal.

Nature never fails to preserve an equilibrium. She is never one-sided; never lists to starboard or port. The construction of the new woman called for the new man, and to-day as social entities both exist.

The world, turning to the more interesting proposition, has been busy overhauling and becoming acquainted with the new woman. With its lap, hands and eyes full of this one subject, the world has had slight, if any, time to give to the contemplation of the new man. It is, however, something to be done at once.

The new woman and the new man have been found in perfection very near New York. The Journal has gone among them with every aid as well as every opportunity to make an inspection of exhaustive search and power. The result has been written, and with appropriate pictoral presentations of the new woman and the new man under sundry pressures and conditions, will be spread before the readers of Sunday's Journal.

Next to laughter the world likes to feel its flesh creep. As children it gets together, the world does, and tells ghost stories to itself and then creeps shudderingly to bed. Read of the Dead House in to-morrow's paper and take a shiver with the Journal.

When one reflects on the horrible things—mere convulsions in colors—which some folk of newspaper sort have conferred on their helpless subscribers as "picture supplements," it is nothing short of marvellous that a public's artistic taste hasn't been depressed and beaten backward into savagery. The aquarelle in colors, 10 by 15 inches, presented to every reader of the Journal to-morrow, however, will go far toward uplifting art and counterbalancing the evils wrought by those crimes in color adverted to above. It is a copy of hair-line accuracy, true to a tint, of a masterpiece in water colors, furnished by special arrangement to the Journal, from the brushes of that celebrated painter, De Thulstrup. Critics have looked at this picture and have congratulated the artist on it as the best expression of his genius and his greatest piece. Every copy of to-morrow's Journal will carry free De Thulstrup's chef d'oeuvre. Don't miss it. It will feast your taste for the good, the true and the beautiful.

A love for jewelry and empty decoration has been a primal trait of every race. No region, no people, but has its own notion of adornment, and as wide a diversity exists in the decorative tastes of races as in color or any other obvious physical characteristic. The belle puts a tiara on her head and belts her throat with gems. The Indian girl sews beads on her moccasins, loads her hair with feathers and her skirts with quills from the fretful, querulous porcupine. The South Sea Islander, with simple taste, sticks a fishbone through his nose, paints his legs a deep azure, and rests content.

But for a grewsome toilet consult to-morrow's Journal. There is a story true as sun and air, which will enlighten its pages and which tells of a new race in a brand-new place, whose notion of how to look beautiful leads it to make a necklace of infants' skulls and hang these mournful trophies about its neck like a collar. Not willing to encroach on a neighbor, each family makes its necklace of its own dead infants. These constitute the family jewels, and as deaths multiply and the Dread Destroyer gets in his work, each mother hands over to her daughter an increased string. In time certain households have as many as a hundred child skulls in family cold storage ready to hang on the neck of its debutantes and make the neighboring maidens envious and tired. Read about it in to-morrow's paper.

That the Bowery was rife with Indians has long been known. But they were not red Indians; not the real aboriginal American, don't you know. The absence of the true Indian from this Bowery has always been regretted, and of late partially repaired. There is a colony of sure enough savages in the Bowery now, other than the white sort indigenous to "d' Bend, d' Lane and d' Points." The Journal, with its usual verve, goes after these Indians and describes them to the last pin feather. It makes as thrilling a story as ever Fenimore Cooper put up. Read of a tribe of red and painted savages in short gun range of you in to-morrow's paper, and then clean your six-shooter and be ready if an uprising occurs.

The ancient impression went to the effect that so far as looks were involved Apollo was a corker. It is popular to hold so to-day. The general view still is that Apollo was the type for all that was physically splendid in man.

They say, however, that there's a modern Apollo in Washington—probably in Congress—who outclasses the old-time Apollo, even as the sun outglows a tallow candle. Read of this transcendent creature in to-morrow's paper. He travels on his looks and lists his pulchritude as part of his assets.

Out at the Park, as if determined that Johanna, the gifted artist chimpanzee, who draws pictures and who has, by the way, been offered a place as cartoonist on a Pittsburg paper, should not outstrip her in an exhibition of talent, Duchess, the big elephant, has been giving trick exhibitions that would bid a Herrmann pause and bat his eyes. Read of it in Sunday's Journal.

A Man of Taste.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I hereby state that I have been reading your newsy paper for about three months and have never read a paper that gives more or better facts than yours.

I shall continue reading it, for I know of no other paper as interesting as yours, and can highly recommend it. Yours respectfully,

New York, Feb. 7. H. G.

Wants to Know.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

New York's street cleaners removed the recent snow from all the principal streets within twenty-four hours after it fell, and New York is still wondering how they did it. When she finds out, will she kindly let Philadelphia into the secret?

He Caught His Train.

[Washington Post.]

Perhaps the most important feature in connection with the Senate free silver amendment is contained in the fact that it was passed in time to enable Senator Jones to catch the train for home.

Alger Is Not Sure.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Up to the time of his latest interview General Alger was still firm in the conviction that he was not a candidate, and that upon the whole he was glad of it, though, of course——

Excitement in Store.

[Binghamton Herald.]

There is belief among the negroes about Atlanta, Ga., that on March 5 they will hear Gabriel's trumpet blow. It would be difficult to picture the consternation which will reign in Atlanta on that day when some fishmonger toots lustily upon his horn.

In the Orient.

[Public Ledger.]

The balance of power in the East has shifted so much that it is now much easier to go from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean than from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea.

The Passing of the Old-Time Fireman.

The old comrades are gathering, silently and reverently, about the coffin of their chief—the coffin with the fireman's trumpet and helmet on its lid. And they are rubbing up their old accoutrements, for to-morrow they will follow him to the grave—these men who followed him forty years ago, when he led them through icy midnight streets, across burning rafters, up tottering ladders, through smoke and flames that were as the fire of hell; led them, with this trumpet in his hand that now lies on the coffin lid, and this helmet on his head. And throughout the big town old New Yorkers are pausing for a moment to speak of Harry Howard, who has gone to his final accounting with the weight of more than three score and ten years on his crippled frame and bearing a credit of nearly five score of human lives saved at the risk of his own.

It is right that they should pause for a moment, that all New York, both young and old, should pause for a moment—as it paused once, with bared head, when Peter Cooper's funeral went down Broadway—not only to speak a few kindly words of the brave old man who has gone, but to think of the period of the city's history with which his name and fame are identified, of the civic spirit which he represented—in short, to consider what it means, even now, to have been chief of the old Volunteer Fire Department of New York. That was a post to which there was but one road, and he who flinched or turned aside for a moment on the way could never hope to gain it.

For Harry Howard's term of active service came to an end nearly thirty-seven years ago. He performed his duties at a time when the department of which he became the chief was such a tremendous social and political power in the town that the old prestige that he won long before the war remained with him to the end, and until the day of his death he was one of the best known figures in the town, recognized wherever he went by thousands who did not come into the world until long after he ceased to fight fires, and heartily cheered whenever he appeared with his old comrades in public procession.

It is seldom enough that a man fills such a part in public affairs that he is remembered for a third of a century after he is dead. To be remembered as long as that while alive and going about the streets is something almost without parallel.

Harry Howard was a fair type of the class of New Yorkers from which the Fire Department has always drawn its best men, whether volunteers or paid employes. He was a born fireman, and, so long as he was able, lived for no other purpose but to fight fires. It was from his class that Ellsworth's and Duryee's zouave regiments were recruited when the flames of secession burst forth at Charleston, and it was to his class that the officers of the paid Fire Department looked for their best men at the reorganization of the force a quarter of a century ago. Men of his class—the bone and sinew of the town—are to-day the most efficient and gallant members of the service which we all regard with so much affection and pride.

Under the old volunteer system the service was fraught with far greater danger than it is now. Buildings were not constructed with as much care as under the present code of legal restrictions, and as the old-fashioned hand engines were dragged to the scene of action by men instead of horses, a fire, once started, acquired a headway that made its extinguishment an affair of the greatest difficulty and danger.

The old-time fireman was a man of dash and bravery. His modern counterpart, while not behind him in those qualities, is an intelligent, highly trained soldier, who does his work with rapidity and precision under the command of his superior officer and with the aid of every appliance, electrical and otherwise, that human ingenuity can devise. The modern fireman sleeps over the engine house and, when awakened at midnight, gains the street within a few seconds after the sounding of the alarm. That he can do this is one of our proudest civic boasts; therefore let us remember that it was Harry Howard who paved the way for this perfection of discipline forty years ago, when he introduced what was then called the "bunking" system, which compelled a certain number of members of each company to remain at the quarters all night.

Chief Bonner of to-day is no more or less than an old-time fireman, with greater experience and scientific knowledge at his command, and the electrical current—which is the very backbone of the whole modern system of fire fighting—harnessed and in his right hand.

New York has always cherished, and, please God, always will cherish, a tender regard for the fire laddies, to whose care the town commits itself, night after night, with the serene trust of a tired child seeking the shelter and peace of its mother's arms. That we have such a confidence in our Fire Department is largely due to men of the same class as the one whose spirit went out from its palsied and way-worn tenement on Thursday morning in answer to the last alarm of all—went out, too, with a credit of nearly one hundred human lives.

And at the next parade of the volunteers, when the veterans—a little older, a little grayer and feebler, fewer in numbers, perhaps, than when they marched last time—go down Broadway there will be a figure missing from the ranks—one that all New York will remember and speak about. JAMES L. FORD.

Appreciated in Massachusetts.

[From the Amesbury (Mass.) News.]

The New York Journal is making a wonderful show of enterprise in its foreign news, having some of the most able newspaper men upon its staff. It has sent Murat Halstead, the great Western editor, to Cuba to write up the war there in connection with another special correspondent, who has been there for some time.

When a New York paper of the ability of the Journal can be purchased in Amesbury for one cent, it clearly represents the most progressive journalism this country has ever seen.

Overdue.

[Providence Bulletin.]

Lord Dunraven's apology is becoming conspicuously overdue. Perhaps it is because he is not handy with the pen and finds it difficult to select a proper form of words.

A Novel Plan.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

A novel plan has been adopted by the Greensburg, Jeannette & Pittsburg Electric Company to interest its employes in the welfare of the company. Motormen and conductors are required to invest $10 or more of each month's earnings in stock of the company until each holds $200 worth of stock. The novelty of this plan will not be disputed, but its relative beneficence will be measured by the proportion of water to that of actual investment represented by the stock the employes are required to purchase.